

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

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WHOLE NO. 178.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates, descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

Procrastinations.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.

But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grief we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day.

But, stern Justice urge retributions,
And warn from Memory borrow,
When shall we chide—if chide we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my love, to-day.

But if our debtor fail our hope
And plead his ruin through,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
Her genial smile display,
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?
To-day, my love, to-day.

But, if she would indulge regret,
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
To-day, my love, to-day.

But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

Kitty Lynn.

BY CARRIE CLARK.

Kitty Lynn, demurely sitting,
At the window, with her knitting,
Looks across the meadow gray,
Where dark-eyed Colin takes the bay.

Quietly sitting,
With her knitting,
Watching all the summer day,
Colin spread and take the bay.

Sun-browned Colin strangely lances,
From the lattice sundry glances,
Fancies idle dimpled fingers—
Fancies how the knitting lingers—
Fancies Kitty.

Blue-eyed Kitty,
Watching all the summer day,
How to spread and take the bay.

Colin's lips are brown as berry,
Kitty's red as any cherry;
Silly boy, do you suppose
Your lips may dare to press the rose?

Faintly gushing
Into blushing,
On the cheek of Kitty, sitting
At the window, with her knitting?

Will you believe me when I tell
How Colin sought the cottage well?
How the hands of Kitty Lynn
Straightway knit the needles in?

How the berry
Kissed the cherry,
And twain produced a bliss
Of this while Kitty Lynn
Plied the needles out and in.

The Indian Friend.

BY JOHN BLAKER.

It was a close evening in the month of March that Wilson Parker, a young hunter, sat before a blazing fire, in a log cabin, situated in the western part of what is now the State of New York.

His long rifle stood in one corner, while the side of a deer and the ham and shoulders of a moose, which hung from the roof of his cabin, told plainly that he knew how to use it. Rising from his seat, he threw some wood upon the fire, and, drawing up a large bear-skin, proceeded to stretch himself upon it for a snug night's rest.

He was just giving up to the sleepy god, when a low tap at the door startled him, and a voice in English, said:

"Me friend white man, and me cold and hungry."

The heart of the hunter was tender when appealed to by the voice of suffering, and he quickly opened his cabin door, and led in the poor, half-frozen Indian. Placing him on the rug which he had occupied himself, he rubbed and chafed his cold limbs; then, rousing some venison, he gave it to the red man, who ate it with the eagerness of a starving man; then, reclining his head upon the rug, he was soon fast asleep.

The hunter followed the example of his guest, and did not awake until the light of day was streaming through the chinks of his cabin. Arising, he prepared some breakfast for himself and guest, who ate in silence what was placed before him, his eyes wandering from the venison and rifle of the hunter to his own rifle, which stood by the cabin door, while a look of dejection and despair rested on his face.

"My red brother is sad," said the hunter, as he noticed the despairing look of the Indian. "Can the white man do ought to help him?"

The Indian looked up into his face, and said: "The white hunter is kind; the Great Spirit has given him success in hunting; the deer and moose have fallen by his deadly rifle; but the hunters of my nation have had bad luck. Our women and children are starving, and our pouches contain no powder and ball."

"But mine is full, and I will share with you," And, taking his powder and ball, he placed half of each in the empty pouches of the Indian; then, taking down the side of a deer, he handed it to him, saying:

"The red man shall have a share of my venison for his squaw and little ones." "The white man is kind," the Indian will go to make glad the hearts of his people, and he will be near the white man when he needs a friend."

So saying, he shouldered his venison, picked up his rifle, and left the cabin, the hunter watching his retreating figure till it was lost in the forest.

The Spring and Summer had passed, and it was a clear morning in the early part of the Fall that Wilson Parker shouldered his rifle and started through the forest to hunt for the bear and deer. He had traveled far, yet nothing had met his sight worth shooting, and as the shades of evening was fast settling on the forest, he began to think of preparing to camp, when the sound of a light stealthy step fell on his ear, and, glancing behind, he saw a painted Indian cautiously creeping toward him. The hunter turned quick, and discharged his rifle full in the breast of the savage, who gave a yell, leaped in the air, and fell dead.

The next moment he was surrounded by painted warriors, his rifle jerked from his grasp, and his arms pinioned behind him.

As he sat moodily on the ground, thinking of the change in his prospects, an Indian, who appeared to be the leader of the party, walked up, and looking into the face of the hunter, said, "Pale face brave, but the red man got him now. Let him sing his death-song, for his days are short."

"The pale face fears not death," said the hunter; then, pointing toward the dead body of the Indian, which his companions were preparing to bury, he said, "It will but life for life."

The Indian drew himself up—a dark shadow of rage and hatred swept over his features—and fixing his flashing eyes on the hunter, said, "That is the only brother of Thunder Cloud. Pale face, you talk brave now; we will see how you talk when the fire burns your flesh; then you will cringe like a weak squaw. Thunder Cloud loves revenge, and he will have it for the death of his brother."

Thunder Cloud turned away, while the rest of the Indians, having scooped out a hole in the earth, deposited their companion in it with his face toward the sun, and, laying his knife and tomahawk beside him, covered him over with brush and dirt.

The Indians, ten in number, now made preparations for camping. Gathering together some wood, they made a large fire, and tying their prisoners between two saplings in such a manner that escape was impossible, then leaving two of their number to watch, the rest were soon sound asleep.

The thoughts of our hero were anything but pleasant. The things by which he was tied were so tight as to cut into his flesh, while the certain prospect of roasting at an Indian fire, and forming amusement for any one of his captors who could devise some means of torture, was not likely to make him feel cheerful. From

the words of Thunder Cloud, he knew that it was his brother he had slain, and as revenge is a predominant passion in the savage breast, his prospects were dark indeed for well he knew that Thunder Cloud would gratify that passion as far as he was able.

But he determined to die like a brave man—to nerve himself to stand the tomahawk, and thus win admiration from his savage foes.

The night seemed long to the hunter, but soon as the light of day began to break through the forest, his captors were up preparing for their march. Some dried venison, which they carried in their pouches, of which they gave the hunter a small quantity, served them for breakfast, and soon they were on their way toward the villages of the tribe.

All day they traveled, stopping and camping at night, and about noon the next day they arrived at their village. The prisoner was received with shouts of derision. The women and children gathered around, throwing stones and dirt, and calling him all the odious epithets contained in their vocabulary.

The warriors led their prisoner through the village till they arrived in sight of the council house. Here were two lines of Indians, armed with sticks, clubs, and tomahawks. The hunter was taken to the head of his foes, when an Indian drew near, of a tall and commanding figure. Speaking a few words with those having charge of the prisoner, he led the way toward the council house, followed by the natives.

Onoomiak, for such was the name of the chief, waited till they had gathered around him, then casting his eyes over them, he addressed them as follows:

"Warriors! do you not remember when the Great Spirit frowned upon us—our squaws and little ones were starving, our rifles were used, and there was no powder and ball in our pouches? Then it was that Onoomiak took his empty rifle, and started toward the settlements of the whites, hoping to procure powder and ball for himself and you. Weak and cold from long fasting, he traveled on, the Great Spirit guiding his footsteps to the cabin of the white man—The pale-faced hunter was kind; he called the red man brother, warmed and fed him, gave him powder and ball for his rifle and venison for his wife and little ones."

"Warriors! Onoomiak has not forgotten the white hunter; he is your prisoner, but he must go free!"

Onoomiak stopped speaking, while Thunder Cloud arose, and looking at the prisoner, said: "The life of the white man is mine; I demand it for the life of my brother, who fell by his hand!"

"Did not the squaw and little ones of Thunder Cloud eat of the venison of the white man?—Did not he use the powder and ball of the hunter to procure food for himself?" said the chief.

"The Great Spirit put the deer and bear in the wood for his red children," said Thunder Cloud; "the white man has no right on our hunting grounds—Thunder Cloud must have his revenge!"

"And Thunder Cloud shall have revenge," he noticed the flashing eyes of his warriors, for Thunder Cloud had touched a chord which aroused the fire of hatred in their breast toward the white man. "Let him bring his tomahawk, rifle, and knife, and he shall receive the death of his brother."

By order of the chief one of the Indians brought the rifle and equipments of the hunter, and as he placed them in his hand, Onoomiak said:

"White man, I am the Indian whom you warmed and fed when the days were cold. You gave me of your venison, and I would set you free; but the heart of Thunder Cloud is full of revenge, and he demands your life for that of his brother. He is brave and cunning. If your arm is strong, and your heart brave, you may yet go free. If not, you shall die like a warrior."

Thunder Cloud now appeared. The chief examined the rifles to see that they were empty; then placing the white man and the Indian about fifteen yards apart, bid Thunder Cloud take his revenge.

Both parties began loading their rifles. But it was not the intention of the Indian to run the risk of a shot. Watching his opportunity, he slipped his tomahawk from his belt, dropped his rifle, and sprang toward his foe. But the hunter's eye was on him. Stepping back, he threw his rifle sideways, sending the tomahawk whirling from the grasp of the red man.

Before the Indian could recover from the effect of the blow, the hunter sprang upon him and bore him to the ground; catching with his left hand the scalplock of his foe, he drew his knife, and raised it as though he would plunge it into his throat. Then, as though changing his intention, he rose to his feet, saying:

"Let the red man keep his life for that of his brother."

Thunder Cloud arose, picked up his rifle and tomahawk, and walked away.

Onoomiak came toward the hunter, who stood leaning on his rifle, and said:

"The white man is free to go to his cabin. Let him not forget Onoomiak."

Wilson thanked the chief, and shouldering his rifle, he started for his cabin, where he found all as he had left it. Feeling that it was not safe to stay here now that the Indians were hostile, and fearing that he might be captured by a

party who had no debt of gratitude to pay, he started for the settlements, where he arrived safe.

Thunder Cloud brooded over his defeat, and soon after, when a war party was formed to go against the Catawas, he joined them. They were met in the forest by their foes. The parties were about equal. Thunder Cloud determined to retrieve his name, fought with desperation. At last the Catawas fled; but Thunder Cloud was dead. His comrades found him clutching even in death the bloody scalp which he had severed from the head of an enemy.

The Lawrence Steam Engine.

The trial of the Steam Engine built at Lawrence, by Messrs. Bean & Scott, came off on Monday, June 28th. From the Boston Herald we take an account of it:

"The machine was brought upon the trial ground at 9 o'clock, when a fire of shavings and light pine wood was lighted under her. In eleven and one-half minutes the pumps were started, with a steam pressure of 60 lbs., and the machine commenced playing through three lines of hose, each 25 feet in length, with pipes of one inch nozzle. The result was that the three streams, playing perpendicularly, reached a height between 135 and 140 feet. At 23 minutes after 9 o'clock, the pressure of steam had increased to 70 lbs., and the pump pressure 55 lbs., when a fourth stream was put on. In five minutes the pressure had increased to 120 lbs., with the furnace door open, and the steam escaping quite freely from the safety valve. The four streams reached a perpendicular height of 137 feet. Playing horizontally, two streams 152 feet each, and two 162 feet each."

At the second trial two lines of hose, 50 feet each, with pipes of 1 1/4 inch nozzles, were used. The playing commenced at 40 minutes past 9 o'clock, with 121 lbs. steam and a pump pressure of 70 lbs. At 9:45, the machine working with 90 lbs. pressure, and making 200 revolutions per minute, one of the streams got away from the engineer in charge of it, when the hose crooked up like a serpent and burst, upsetting several of the spectators. The result of that playing was not ascertained owing to this accident. At 9:58, the machine commenced playing, with 120 lbs. steam and 85 lbs. pressure on the pump, through two lengths of hose, one of 120 feet, with 1 inch nozzle, and the other, 125 feet, with 1 1/4 inch nozzle. In one minute and a half the pump pressure increased to 130 lbs., the engine now making 240 revolutions per minute, the doors open, and steam blowing off freely, when the hose burst. The result of this trial was that both streams now threw, horizontally, a distance of 192 feet, 6 inches.

At the third trial, while the engine was working under a pressure of 120 lbs. of steam, and 95 lbs. pressure on the pumps, the hose burst, and no result was taken.

At the fourth and last trial, with 120 lbs. of steam and 145 lbs. pump pressure, the engine played, through 135 feet of hose and 1 1/2 inch nozzle, a horizontal stream of 98 feet.

The engineers present were all much pleased as well as greatly surprised at the power of the new engine and the ease with which it worked. The dimensions of the machine are as follows: Length 14 feet, height 8 feet 6 inches, width 7 feet, diameter of steam cylinders, 9 inches, water cylinder, 6 inches with 14 inch stroke. Its weight is about four tons, and can be easily drawn by two horses. At a trial of the same machine a few days ago it filled a tank holding 1600 gallons, playing through one line of hose, in 3 1/4 minutes; and with four line of hose, in 2 1/2 minutes."

PLAYING FIRE POINTS.—A couple of weeks ago, two friends of mine, from Connecticut, came to pay me a visit in return for one of mine to them, and as they treated me very well while there, I thought I would return the compliment, and show them some of "the sights" here. After visiting several places, having a few private drinks, and seeing some wonderful things, I made up my mind to take them to a private resort where the boys played "any." A game was going on in the back room when we arrived. Two of the players I was acquainted with—the other two were strangers. After watching the game some time, in hopes that two good hands would fall out together, so that my country friends could see some betting, acquaintance No. 1 had a full (three aces and two queens) dealt to him which he passed for a bit, and acquaintance No. 2 shipped. It came around to No. 1, and he went one dollar better, No. 2 saw that, and went two dollars more. No. 1, in a whisper, said he had no more money, but if I would play his hand he would be willing to divide all we made. With the air of a professor I took his seat, gave a wink at my country friends, as much as to say, "see how I can play five points on the boys, and report the same when you get home," ran my cards over to see that they were all right, and went five dollars more than No. 2. He shoved up the dust, and came ten dollars better than me. I had only eight dollars left, so I borrowed two dollars from one of my friends and called. He quietly laid four deuces on the table, and asked if they were good. I felt myself gliding and made a grand rush for the door. As I was going out, the bartender said the boys had rung in a deck on me. That was a finisher, because I had considered myself too sharp to be bit that way. I hurried my friends home, passed a sleepless night, and was very glad to learn that they intended to start for Connecticut perfectly satisfied. It will be some time before I play five points on anyone again. That's a safe bet.

How He Was Cured.

A New York paper has the following:

One of the greatest nuisances to which mechanics are subjected, is the insolence of young clerks employed by the firms for which they manufacture. These young men having arrived at the dignity of head errand-boy, will go into a workshop, and fret and fume and bluster, as if the weight of the universe was resting upon their single shoulders, or time itself stand still in its course, unless they show off their authority and importance. If all employers would treat this class of bipeds as an eminent book-binder of Boston recently did, the nuisance would be speedily abated. The celebrated publishing house of Ticknor & Co. had one of these animals in their employ, whose multifarious duties led him several times each day to the bindery where the work of his employers was done. At a time when any new work was in course of publication, he would rush into the bindery in great haste, looking like the frog in the fable, puffed to twice his ordinary size by a proud consciousness of his own importance, or, to use an old-fashioned expression, he would be "too big for his breeches." At the time when Longfellow's beautiful poem of "Hiawatha" was in the binder's hands, he came into the shop, looking as if he was invested with more than his usual amount of dignity, and upsetting two or three of the shopboys in his progress, he strode up to the proprietor's desk.

"How's this, sir," he said, addressing the proprietor, "you promised me two hundred of Hiawatha at nine o'clock this morning, and now it is eleven, and they are not yet delivered. I suppose they are not ready yet?"

"I haven't sent them yet," answered the proprietor, in a tone calculated to soothe the wrath of the man of importance; "but they will be ready at three o'clock this afternoon. I am very sorry to disappoint you, but we have not been able to get them out."

"Well, never mind," returned the young man, with a most patronizing air; "let me have them at that time, and I won't say anything about it. But don't disappoint me again, for you do it altogether too often."

"I'll try not to do so again," was the answer, as the young man took his leave.

The binder resumed the writing of his letters, with a merry smile playing around the corners of his mouth, for he enjoyed the interview exceedingly. Three o'clock came and passed. The books were not sent. Four o'clock—and the young gentleman rushed into the shop, almost breathless with excitement.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed he, confronting the proprietor, "this is too bad. You have disappointed me again, and I don't know what I am to do. Our business is all disarranged by your failure to keep your word, and Ticknor & Co. say they will put their next book into some one's hands who will do them when they are wanted."

"I am extremely sorry," said the binder, "but circumstances—"

"O, please!" said the clerk, "the old story again. I tell you, sir, I must have the books in an hour, or you will hear about it."

"You shall have them," was the answer, very humbly given, "without fail. But," and a sly twinkle sparkled in his eye, "I would advise you, as soon as you return to the store, to discharge Messrs. Ticknor & Co., for I would not, if I were you, keep any one in my employ, who gave orders contrary to my own."

"What do you mean?" asked the clerk, his importance having fallen several degrees.

"Oh, nothing," returned the binder, "only here, you see, is a note received from Ticknor & Co. last evening, requesting me not to send in any more books until I received an order from that effect; and as I said before, if any of my men sent contrary orders to my own, I should think they had worked for me long enough; therefore I advise you to discharge them."

The young man looked at his employers' written order in blank amazement for a moment, and then might have been seen making his way for the stairs, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his coat tail horizontal; and when he next made his appearance in that bindery, it was in his own proper character of errand boy.

JOHN SMITHS.—John Smith is a sort of omnipresence. A learned scholar contends for the universality of John Smith's name, not only in our own, but among all lands. Commencing with the Hebrews, he says they had no Christian names, and consequently John—in Hebrew the name was simply *Shemi* or *Shemil*. In other nations, however, the John Smith is found full and undivided. Let us trace it:

Latin—Johannes Smithius.
Italian—Giovanni Smith.
Spanish—Juan Smith.
Dutch—Hans Schmidt.
French—Jean Smeets.
Greek—Ion Skmittos.
Russian—Ionoff Schmittowski.
Polish—Jan Schmittowski.
Chinese—John Tchemit.
Icelandic—Tahne Smittson.
Welsh—John Smidd.
Tuscarora—Ton-ta Smith.
Mexican—Jondi F Smith.

To prove the antiquity of the name, the same man observes, that in the temple of Osiris, Egypt, was found the name of "Pharaoh Smithson," being the 9th in the 18th dynasty of that Theban king. He was the founder of the celebrated temple of Smithopolis Magna.

Successful Infatuation.

Sir Edward S.—was infected with the English complaint—spleen. About twenty-eight years of age, healthy and good looking, and with twenty-five thousand pounds sterling a year, he found life intolerable. Especially the female race of England were to him, unendurable.

He went to France. Taking a walk on the pier of Ostend, on the evening of his arrival, Sir Edward, by chance, met a lady of the very perfection of French style and beauty. She was a Parisian of the purest type.

Captivated at the first glance with the Viennese, (for she was a widow and that was her title), and, himself possessing so much of English reserve and shyness, that he could neither address her personally nor taking any definite measure for her acquaintance, he contented himself with simply following her. She had come to the sea-side for change of air, and was lodging at the grand hotel where the seekers of health and pleasure usually congregate. He took rooms adjacent.

The next fortnight, for Sir Edward, was but a playing of shadow to this lovely woman. He seemed to have but one idea—never to lose sight of her while she was out of her room at the hotel.

The Viscountess began to be a subject of remark, in consequence of this infatuated pursuit by a silent lover, and getting, moreover, weary of the sight of such a phantom, she determined to lose him, if possible. Ordering her carriage before daylight, one morning, she started for Brussels, intending to go thus round about to Paris, for the sake of confusing the pursuit. She was followed thither by the indefatigable lover, however, and so she was to Cologne and Strasbourg.

It was impossible to be rid of him. The Viscountess at last had recourse to her brother, who was an officer in the army, and who, of course, immediately sent a challenge to the offender.

"I will promptly accept your challenge," was the reply, "but I must first request of you that you will take a message from me to your sister. My intentions are the very purest. My rank is that of English Baronet, with twenty-five thousand a year. I respectfully offer to Madame my hand in marriage. If she declines, with the first news I will follow you to the field."

The brother courteously accepted the proposal, took the message to his sister, and she positively refused! Of Sir Edward, her impression had only been the disagreeable one received from his pursuing her so constantly. Marry him she could not!

The arrangements for the duel, of course, proceeded. The seconds and the principals were on the field, and the ground was being measured, when suddenly (as was to be expected) the Viscountess made her appearance, declared her forgiveness for Sir Edward, and her love for him, forbade her brother to pursue the quarrel, etc. They were married at the house of the Viscountess in the Rue de Balzac, on the evening of the departure of the last mail from Paris.

THE ASTOR HOUSE FARM.—A Correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following account of a recent visit to the farm which feeds the Astor House:

"A few days ago I accepted the invitation of mine host of the Astor to accompany him to the farm, which is carried on for the exclusive purpose of supplying that excellent establishment with pure milk, fresh vegetables, poultry, and other provisions. It is beautifully and healthily situated on an elegant ridge in Union Village, New Jersey, which lies midway between the city and Newark, with the Passaic running in the rear, and Hackensack in front. It contains some two hundred and forty acres of highly productive land, which is under admirable cultivation; and although it is but a year since it was laid out for its present purposes, it is most successfully fulfilling the designs of its projectors and proprietors."

"Of the several departments of the farm, I was particularly pleased with those pertaining to the dairy. During my visit 'the king came home' from their summer day's ramble in pleasant pastures and were stabled for the night. Over forty of the finest looking cows I ever saw, and evidently in the healthiest condition, having partaken of their evening meal, of which the ingredients are chopped timothy grass and cotton seed meal, and having been well watered, yielded their usual generous contribution of pure milk, which being put into shining cans, was ready for transportation to the city early the next morning. I forgot how much this yield amounts to daily, but it is enough, and more than enough, for all the purposes (and they are many) for which milk is required at the Astor House."

"And it was gratifying, too, as a temporary sojourner at that hotel, to have the ocular and practical demonstration of the fact that such other delicate and luxurious necessities as eggs, poultry and vegetables served up on its tables are daily derived like the milk, from original sources. The poultry department is a curiosity worth going from N. Y. to Jersey to see. It has its special superintendent, who seems to be as proud, as he is evidently worthy, of his charge. An open enclosure of some acres, and well irrigated by natural springs, is devoted to innumerable families of well feathered geese, ducks, Guinea fowls, turkeys, cocks and hens, ranging about their extended domain, all well fed and comfortable. At night the numerous fowls, where the arrangements for their roosting are as comfortable as those that are proverbially in the same department there is a constant session of a splendid congress of fowls, each in his own proper household, patiently superintending the interesting process of incubation."

The Fire Department.

Those men who nobly volunteer to watch the city while we sleep, and quench the flames kindled by incendiaries and carelessness, every citizen who owns property, who has wife and children, or who loves his peace of mind, owes thanks—unutterable. Certain laws for the regulation of the conduct of fire engine companies have been framed, and are being enforced, the tendency of which is to purify the department of the scum which has for years caused every fireman to be stigmatized as a "Mose," and has made many reputable persons afraid of being known as firemen. The Fire Commissioners are applying the test of these laws rigidly, and the result is generally viewed, as a very healthy one. They have shown neither fear nor favor in their decisions, but it appears that, in one instance at least, they have inadvertently done their technical and legal duty at the expense of one of our best companies. A complaint was recently made against Engine Co. 5, for harboring persons in their "bunk room" who were not members; also for allowing such persons to wear fire caps. The charge was sustained before the Commissioners, and the consequence was the prompty disbanding of the company. Persons doing business in the lower part of the city are in a terror of excitement with reference to the movement. The company is famed for being one of the most respectable and the most efficient fire companies ever organized on Manhattan Island. It was originated 1762, and from that time up to the date of this affair, never had a charge of any kind brought against it. We have always gone away from our place of business strictly assured that in case of a fire upon our premises this company would be promptly on the ground, and do all in the power of honest and conscientious men to avert the damage. We are not alone in this feeling. We therefore submit that the disbanding of a company over ninety years in honorable existence, for an act technically wrong, but in reality of no moment, was inconceivable, as well as unjust to those who have depended upon it for the salvation of millions of dollars' worth of goods and chattels.

Mr. Lyons, the foreman of No. 5, assures us that the parties who were alleged to have slept in the engine house, and worn caps, were between twenty and twenty-one years—that they were approved of by the investigating committee as prospective members, and that as soon as they arrived at their legal majority they would have been placed upon the roll as regular members, in strict compliance with the law.

As for the respectability of No. 5's Company we can vouch for it unhesitatingly. The members have included such men as Ex-Governor Vroom, of New Jersey, Doctor Parkhurst, the present Alderman of the Fifth Ward, (Henry R. Hoffman,) S. Nichols, (formerly Alderman of the Fourth Ward,) Frederick Kohler, Ex-Alderman of the Sixth, and now a prominent director of political movements in California, Wilson Small, Esq., Daniel S. Smith, of the clothing firm of Smith Bros., Henry Hempstead the shipbuilder, and others equally prominent, for whose names we have no room. One of our present Board of Supervisors is now an honorary member.

Let us hope that this legally just, but morally erroneous, decision may be reconsidered. Let the excellent body of public benefactors be restored to the rights and privileges of protecting our warehouses and their contents from destruction. They are men of honor, and feel keenly the ban under which they are now placed. The reality of the offence for which they were condemned, literally amounts to nothing. At all events it should be overlooked in the face of a ninety years diploma specifying the best conduct; and what is still more strongly to the point, the interests of thousands of our citizens should not be sacrificed to a mere notion that an example must be held up before the entire department. Such an example (based upon slender grounds at the best), will, unless withdrawn, increase our rates of insurance, and they are already quite heavy enough.—New York exchange.

POOR SOUL.—An inquisitive Yankee was standing at a tavern door, in the lower part of New Jersey, watching a funeral pass. At the head of it was a large maunse cart, moving along very slowly and making no offer to turn out for the procession. The Yankee was astonished at this want of attention on the part of the driver of said cart, and turning to a Philadelphian who was standing by, he remarked:

"I guess the folks aint very perlitte about here, tu hum, where I live, they always turn out for a funeral."

"Oh, that's part of the procession," remarked the Philadelphian, gravely.

"Du tell! You don't say so? Heow!" exclaimed the astonished Yankee.

"Why, you see, it is a very poor, sandy soil about here, and nothing comes up they plant, unless they manure it well, so when they bury a fellow they throw a whole cartload into the grave, to make him rise at judgment day!"

